NEIGHBORS.

When Farmer Never-mind-it found
The winter had fulfilled its span,
He hustled out, and hurried 'round,
And hired his neighbor's extra man;
And through the spring till almost May
He frittered half his time away.

He let his broken fences lie
Just where the winds had thrown them last;
As for the weeds, he wondered why
They got ahead of him so fast;
But, when a weed began to show,
He let it go, and let it grow.

When Farmer Perseverance sowed
His valley-gardens, rich and wide,
He mended fences, weeded, hoed,
With all a sturdy toiler's pride;
And, all the growing season through,
He said he found enough to do.

And when upon his well-kept farm
A blight would satisfy its greed,
He made amends for every harm,
And kept ahead of every weed;
And, if the weather fouled or cleared,
He persevered, and persevered.
—Frank Walcott Hutt, in Farm Journal.

HER PUNISHMENT

By Henri DeForge.

"YOU will never be a success, my friend."

Martha Dubreuil said this in a tone half railing and half jesting.

Pierre raised his head without answering and twitched nervously the page blackened by ink. It was the twentieth time at least that his wife had made such remarks, and what was worse, he realized sorrowfully that she spoke the truth.

Once he had written a book of which he had been proud, a novel launched timidly by a publisher who made him pay the cost of publication. That was an hour of ambitious dreams, long since dissipated by the grim reality.

"I will amount to something in the world," he had said resolutely. And he believed it as did those who admired him—which is to say his mother, his sister and some of his friends who read the book. Martha, his wife, was not one of these admirers. She told him frankly again and again: "You will amount to nothing."

He had no answer to make to Martha's sneers, and he suffered keenly in recalling the lucky days when they walked together as lovers along paths bordered by flowers and they made vows to each other and kissed. "You will be a great man, my darling," she had said then.

Pierre believed that he had been faithless in not keeping his promise of greatness made four years before. She had brought him her youth and beauty, and he ought to have given her in exchange the literary fame she had expected, and have earned a fortune for her by his pen. But now she had abandoned those cherished dreams of reflected glory.

The poor fellow recalled the happy days that had preceded their marriage, and the delights of their companionship during their honeymoon. And he answered to her taunt:

"So much the worse, my dear. But we love each other, and that is enough." He would not have cared for the plaudits of the crowd if he had had the love of Martha. But she broke into laughter that froze his feeble smile.

"Oh, yes, indeed. That's well enough. One can't live on love. It is all very well to say so in the novels you write—or count on writing—but in real life things are different."

When summer came they went to the seashore, Pierre securing an appointment as the resort correspondent of a newspaper. When he told her that they were going, she said: "Ah, you are a nice husband, after all." And she smiled, but the smile was given as in alms.

At the seashore she was soon the belle of the place, and people forgot about her husband, the reporter, who remained in the shade. Some men were with her much of the time, and gossip linked her name with that of a wealthy idler. Pierre ventured to speak of it.

"What of it?" she asked. "The man amuses me with his compliments. You know that I am an honest woman. But I need amusement."

Dubreuil's sufferings were intense. The thought of that imbecile who was ever at Martha's side bruised his heart. He wanted to strangle him in the crowded ballroom; and longed for a duel. But the man was influential and a litterateur of renown. A duel between them would have been grotesque and useless.

The count deigned to interest himself a little in Pierre.

"Let us write a piece, my young friend," said he, "and I will give you recommendations. A man has talent, when he has the sense to win a wife as pretty as yours."

"Yes, Pierre, why haven't you something on hand?" said his wife.

One evening when he was in the little room, he seated himself at his work table, while his wife, who had danced too much, slept peacefully. He rested his head on his hands and thought sadly: "Yes, Martha's love for me has passed."

White paper was in front of him. It was one of those silent nights that tempt a writer, a night of stars and silence.

"I will try to work," he mused.

Feverishly he took up his pen. He wrote of things and thoughts such as he had in his heart, speaking of the happy past and the chagrin of the present, of charming memories and the painful reality. All night he worked upon his work of life and emotion.

"Up already, Pierre?" exclaimed Martha when she opened her pretty eyes in the morning. "At what are you working, my early bird?"

"What difference does it make?" said he, coldly. "You know well that I am capable of nothing."

So each evening while Martha slept Pierre worked. He arose stealthily like a robber to write without arousing suspicion. He felt that it was his last chance to write something worth while.

Several days later Pierre and his wife went back to the city. He was loath to leave, but Martha was happy in anticipation of new triumphs. Her devoted count had promised to open new, and yet more fashionble, houses to her.

"We will push your husband," he said, in a protecting tone.

"Work, Pierre," added Martha. "The indorsement of the count is valuable. Don't throw away the chance."

Pierre Dubreuil did not answer. Nowadays he appeared to be indifferent to all that went on around him.

One day at the end of a melancholy dinner tete-a-tete with Martha he said:

"By the way, the Gymnase will present a play of mine in a few weeks. The newspapers made the announcement this morning."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, curiously. "You have said nothing of it to me!"

"What was the use? I have always had such bad luck with my work that I have not mentioned this one even to you."

Martha was satisfied and the thought of a play by her husband pleased her vanity. She liked to imagine herself in a box on the opening night.

She kissed her husband on both cheeks.

"Are you content?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes indeed, my husband," she answered.

When the time approached for the representation Martha was happy. For the newspapers contained many advance notices and most of them spoke of the play as excellent.

The play presented at the Gymnase was not a comedy, but a drama of great depth and emotional strength representing a drama of the strongest human emotions. The blase public was delighted. It was a triumph with few precedents in the enthusiasms it aroused. It was a master's work that people said would place the author among the rank of the world's foremost dramatists.

Martha, charmingly dressed in mauve, was in a box with a crowd of friends, among who was the persistent count. From the first words of the play she was surprised. The story acted on the stage was familiar to her. It seemed as if she had had the same experiences in the days of her courtship. She clapped her little hands in applause, proud to listen to the clever words and charmed to see the dead days revived. She sought to glance in the eyes of her husband hidden behind a curtain of the box.

In the second act the action grew quicker. A crisis came between the man and wife. The words they spoke were those that had passed between Martha and Pierre. Evidently he had put his own experience into the play. It was interesting, but what would come next? Martha had been so indifferent to Pierre that she could not guess.

The third act was admirable. In the drama the suffering of her husband was analyzed with a master's hand, cruel in his resignation, torture and tenderness. The role of the woman was studied with a psychology delicate and mocking. It was a masterpiece.

Martha listened with beating heart. Each phrase spoken by the comedians was for her like the stab of a dagger. Was it possible that she had made Pierre suffer like that? For by this time she knew that her true history was being told on the stage.

"Bravo," shouted the count, who did not understand the real meaning of the play. "My friend, your husband, is a clever fellow, and we will make something of him."

But Martha did not answer. She stifled her emotion.

"Take my arm," said the count, at the end.

"Not to-day," she answered. "I shall be proud to go on the arm of my husband."

Pierre followed her with difficulty, making a passage through the admiring crowd. When in the street his friends crowded to congratulate them. They wished to give them a supper. When the supper had ended and they reached home in that house where Pierre had experienced so much happiness and grief, Martha fell on her knees before him and broke into tears.

Thirteen Not a Hoodoo.

"Well, Miss Bingham isn't superstitious."

The remark was made during the performance of "The Climbers" by a man with a statistical turn of mind.

"Here's little old No. 13 all over the place. There are 13 letters in the names of Amelia Bingham, Frank Worthing, Madge Carr Cook, Ysobel Haskins, Florence Lloyd and Joseph Physioc, the scenic artist. You find it again in the names of some of the characters: Freddy Trotter, played by Ferdinand Gottschald; Julia Goodesby, by Clara Bloodgood, and Jessica Hunter, by Maude Monroe."

"I can climax that," remarked a bystander. "Clyde Fitch read 'The Climbers' to Miss Bingham on a Friday; contracts were signed on the following Friday, and it was first read to the company on the thirteenth of the month."

"How do you know?" testily inquired the first speaker, annoyed that anyone else should have taken away the glory of his discovery.

"I happen to be Mr. Fitch."—N. Y. Telegram.

An Arizona Procession.

Phoenix, Ariz., recently had a procession in which groups of cowboys were followed by groups of Indians, city officials and Chinese.

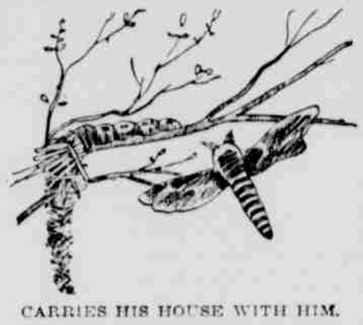
THE CUBAN BAG-WORM.

Queer Insect Which Carries Its House with It Whenever It Decides to Move.

There is a certain species of caterpillar that not only litters the outside of its home with twigs and small bits of wood, but also has the power of taking its shelter with it whenever it decides to move. It is a habit peculiar to the bag-worm, or housebuilder moth, a caterpillar found in certain parts of Cuba.

The bag-worm first weaves for its use a silken sac. It then collects all kinds of splinters and tiny wood fragments, which are fastened in some way to the outside of the sac. There it makes its home until fully matured, at which period it enters the sac entirely, and is changed to a grub or pupa. Here the female (a grub-like creature without wings) lays her eggs, remaining inside till death. The male pupa, however, has a better future, for in a short while it works its way out from the lower end of the sac, and then, by some process similar to that of the butterfly, is changed to a beautiful moth, with brightly-colored wings, having white stripes across its back. This, of course, ends its career as a bag-worm.

It is before it is grown that the bag-worm lives in its portable home and has the habit of moving from place to place. This is done by



CARRIES HIS HOUSE WITH HIM.

stretching forth the body, getting a foothold, and crawling along with the sac dangling behind. This would seem awkward; and, indeed, the bag-worm presents a peculiar appearance crawling from limb to limb, and almost pulled off by its load of wood. In this way, though, it is not only sure of a home, but the entrance is so constructed that the sides can be pulled together, thus affording protection in time of attack. It seems strange, though, that when the bag-worm is almost grown the sac hangs down from the body; when young, it is carried in a straight line with it.

These caterpillars are naturally a source of much wonder to the natives of Cuba, who are superstitious regarding a worm which litters its house with so much wood, and this in a country where fire for the sake of warmth is not a necessity. The old Spanish legend has it that bag-worms are the incarnation of kindling-wood thieves, who now, after death, must carry on their backs their load of plunder, thus atoning for their thefts until they become moths.

Japanese Do Not Swear.

Many good things can be said of Japan and the Japanese, but nothing reflects more credit upon that people than the fact that profanity is a vice entirely unknown among them. In answer to an inquiry on this subject, the Ram's Horn gives this interesting information: "Very high and competent authority asserts that it is true. A writer in the Evangelist asserts that there is in the Japanese language no word that is equivalent to an oath. Not only is there no native word in which profanity may take refuge, but there is no imported word. During the last ten years, foreigners have added thousands of new words to the language; but not one profane word. In this respect, Japan is believed to stand alone among the nations."

VEGETABLE PYTHON.

Plant Which Grows Downward from Tropical Trees Instead of Upward from the Ground.

Such is the clusia of tropical forests, which, instead of growing up from the ground, grows down to it from the tops of other trees.

Its seed is provided with a pulp very pleasant to the taste of many birds, and it is carried from tree to tree by them and deposited on the branches.

BEGINNING OF THE PYTHON.

There it commences to grow, by putting out innumerable delicate roots that look like small streams of pitch flowing down around the tree trunk. When they reach the ground they begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches, which run together and unite, until the whole tree is bound with a series of irregular living bands. The bark between them bulges out and tries to overlap, but the clusia prevents this by making its roots more numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes more tightly bound its leaves begin to fall, and finally it is strangled to death. After a few years it rots to the ground, leaving only the clusia's column of tangled roots to mark the place where it stood. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TEACHING A BABY LARK.

Famous Scotch Novelist Tells How Its Mother Coaches It to Hop About and Fly.

J. M. Barrie, the noted Scottish story writer, tells in Scribner's Magazine how a young lark got its first lesson:

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to practice hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment, to say: "How wonderful you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly, and the mother tried to do it in vain. She would soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after the rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came and glued the little bird's wings together.

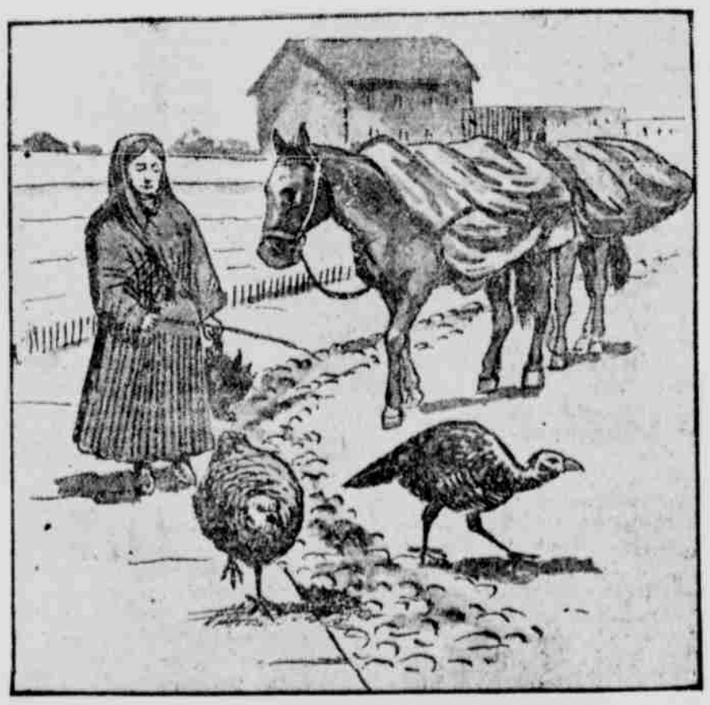
"I shall never be able to fly or sing!" it wailed.

Then, of a sudden, it had to blink its eyes, for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and pairing a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled. It did not know why; it fluttered from the ground; it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it trilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! Thank you! Oh, mother! Did you hear me? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "Oh, mother, do you see me? I am flying!"

GOING TO MARKET IN SPAIN.



The Chicago Record says that in Spain everyone goes to market on foot. One day in every week there is a big market in every town, and the event is a grand and picturesque affair. The country people come in from long distances to sell their little stocks of goods. In the picture an old woman is shown as having walked in from her little plat of ground many miles away. She is seen crossing the bridge at Ronda, driving her two turkeys, and perhaps she has a few vegetables in the sacks on the horses.

At the edge of the town sits the customs officer, and on everything brought in there must be paid a small duty. There is a duty on eggs, bread, radishes, candy, etc. The officer even puts a stick in the can of milk and feels around at the bottom to see if there may not be an onion or some potatoes hidden there. Many poor persons cannot pay the duty, as they receive very little for the goods they bring to the market, so there is a great deal of smuggling going on constantly.

Well Founded.

"I hope I am not superstitious," said Mr. Upjohn, throwing himself gloomily on the lounge, "but I have been oppressed all day long with a foreboding of some impending calamity."

"I hope it's nothing that's going to happen to the family," said Mrs. Upjohn. "I want to have the house repapered from top to bottom week after next."

"Then it's true!" he groaned.—Chicago Tribune.

Consideration.

"My wife is very considerate," said the newly-married man. "She is always buying me neckties and colored shirts."

"And I suppose you are considerate and generous in your turn?"

"Yes, I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. I wear 'em."—Washington Star.

Best to Be Prepared.

First Brooklyn Dude—You bettah take an umbwella with you, old fell.

Second Brooklyn Dude—Why—do you think it waining in Lunnon, old man?

First Brooklyn Dude—No; but dontcherknow, you can nevah tell when it is going to wain in Lunnon, dontcherknow.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ye Modern Merchant.

First Clerk—Eh? Had six weeks' vacation last summer?

Second Clerk—Yes; Silk, Ribbon & Co. always give all unmarried clerks that much. It draws trade.

"I don't see how."

"Simple enough. All the girls we get engaged to keep coming in all winter, to snub us."—N. Y. Weekly.

The first street lighting in this country was done in New York in 1697.

You can't eat the kernel and raise another crop of nuts from the shell.

Words are vehicles for thought; but vehicles, of course, are often empty.

The child is wiser in his innocence than the philosopher in his wisdom.

Noble natures pay confidence with gratitude; ignoble ones with treachery.

Can a marriage certificate be called a "union label?"

If a woman is lost in thought her dressmaker can recover her.